Chapter 488: The Name of the Chosen One

As Castellion Arisium gazed upon the mortal he had chosen, he decided that this soul, forgotten by the world, would need a name that would one day shake the very fabric of existence.

This name would carry struggle, growth, and boundless potential—just as he once was, before ascending to the highest throne.

Thus, he bestowed upon the mortal a name:

"Kael Atris."

The Meaning of the Name

Kael – Derived from the ancient word Kaelis, meaning "one who rises from the ashes." It signifies resilience, a soul that refuses to break.

Atris – Taken from Atrium, meaning "gateway" or "passage." It represents one who stands on the threshold of something greater—a mortal standing at the door of divinity.

Together, Kael Atris would be the name of the one who bore a speck of the Absolute One’s power.

A mere mortal today.
A force beyond gods tomorrow.

And so, his journey began.

The Awakening of Kael Atris

In the endless expanse of the multiverse, within a world forgotten by time, a young man stood amidst the ruins of a dying civilization. His body was battered, his spirit nearly broken, yet his eyes burned with an unyielding fire.

Kael Atris was nothing more than a struggling warrior, a man without a future. Born into a war-torn world where gods were silent and the strong crushed the weak, he had no divine blessing, no inherited power—only his own sheer will to survive.

But on this day, everything would change.

As he lay on the battlefield, blood pooling around him, the sky above split apart. A celestial presence unlike any before descended, a force so vast that even time itself seemed to tremble in reverence.

A System Window flickered before his dimming vision:

[You have been chosen.]
[You have been granted a speck of Castellion Arisium’s power.]
[Awakening…]

Suddenly, a surge of unimaginable energy coursed through his veins, shattering the chains of mortality. His dying flesh regenerated, his broken bones reforged, and his mind expanded beyond human comprehension.

He gasped as divine knowledge flooded into him. Visions of realms beyond his own, of angels wrought from elements, of celestial wars fought beyond mortal understanding—and at the center of it all, Castellion Arisium, the Absolute One, watching him.

Kael Atris clenched his fists.

The world that had once forsaken him would now tremble beneath his steps.

For the first time in history, a mere mortal had been given a fragment—no, not even that, a mere speck—of the Absolute One’s power.

And yet, even a speck of divinity could change the fate of multiverses.

His journey had just begun.